

## Red-Eyed Dragon

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Summary: Maka is a dragon master for a certain white scaled dragon with red eyes. One day, Soul and Maka go for a little flying adventure and have a picnic, until Soul disappears and Maka is forced to walk back home. Enraged and worried, she takes a bath and prepares for bed, only to find a stranger in her room, but his red eyes seem familiar. R&R How To Train Your Dragon by Dreamworks

## Red-Eyed Dragon

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own Soul Eater characters or \_How to Train Your Dragon (\_Disney)\*\*

**\*\*Red-Eyed Dragon\*\***

There once was a land known to all Vikings as Dragon Isle, where the skies are cloudy, the breeze is icy cold, and the people are vicious and vile, mostly. There's a particular girl that has her destiny set out for her, in which she will find that things are not always as they appear and sometimes your fortune isn't what you thought it would be.

"Ugh! You stupid beast! I said slow!" Maka Albarn looked upon the large white-silvery dragon with a pink scar across his chest, razor white teeth, and darting crimson eyes.

"Soul!"

The dragon roared at his master, his rider that sat upon a small saddle that was strapped to his back.

"Fine, you wanna act like a brat!? Let's see what you've got!" Maka grabbed the thin black reins in her small white-gloved hands and pulled Soul back, causing serious discomfort until he finally yielded to her commands. She lifted Soul up into the sky and released herself, causing herself to slide off the saddle and fall towards the

icy cold ocean that lay just miles below her, but she had no fear. When Maka made a decision she stuck with it. She closed her eyes as she fell, the wind rushing around her ivory skin, her dirty blond pigtailed separating into strands and swishing around, her bangs no longer covering her large jade eyes, but now free falling around her forehead. Her long sleeved white shirt tightly fitted around her small torso, the creamy yellow V-neck sweater a little looser on her, and the black suspenders attached to her red and black plaid skirt that was usually loose was wrapped around her long curvy legs. And white stockings that kept her warm, followed by her black fuzzy boots that reached just below her knees were the finishing touches to her Viking attire covering her legs. Maka was the most petite Viking; she hardly ate at all, and was always insisting on training with her rebellious dragon. Being nineteen and surrounded by dull adults that want to control your life drove her insane, but she made sure to follow orders, unless her cheating father was involved. The rest of the young adults were always busy with missions given by the elders of the isle, but since Soul Eater was such a hardheaded dragon, no one trusted him and didn't want Maka to get hurt, thus they never assigned her any work to do. She thought of the pressures on her to be a better dragon rider than her mother that recently disappeared just a year ago. As she felt herself come close to the water, thenâ€”swoosh, Soul Eater caught Maka just in time as she grabbed onto his saddle and spun him in a loop, bringing him to a rather smooth landing in a meadow near a forest that they often went.

"Nice catch Soul!" Maka slid off of the enormous scaly creature as she looked into his worried crimson eyes, usually she wouldn't let herself fall for so long, he nudged her with his large head, seeing if she was ok.

"I'm fine Soul, sorry to make you worry, I just got caught up in the moment."

Soul's crimson eyes still carried a concern for his companion; he never thought a human could affect him so much. Yet he had a soft spot for his master that he would never admit to her.

"Hmm, how about breakfast Soul?" Maka pulled out the picnic basket that was attached to the back of the saddle and brought out some catfish, rainbow trout, and raw meat for the dragon and pulled out some carrot soup for herself. She also pulled out some water for the two of them as Soul lapped his bowl; Maka took small sips and decided to look around in the woods.

"I'm gonna go have a look around to see if there's anything that could be used. Will you be ok?"

Soul nodded his head as he looked into her deep jade eyes as she smiled at him and walked off.

\_Huhh, I wish I could talk to her. But the day will come, wait, I'm twenty now, it should be happening any day now! \_Soul thought to himself as he looked at his reflection in the bowl as he sighed again, lying down in the cold tall grass slowly falling asleep.

"Hmm, let's see, I could use some tree bark, and some wood would be helpful." Maka began to collect what she needed in her small burlap bag, and then headed back.

"Ok Soul, let's- where'd you go?" She looked around but found no sign of him.

"Soul?"

"Soul!"

"SOUL!"

"Ugh! Stupid, useless, good-for-nothing reptile!" Maka stormed off back toward her village, which was sixty miles. It was barely nine in the morning, and she wound up spending the rest of the day walking home.

"Huh hu huh huhh!"

"Maka! There you are, where have you been? Where's Soul?"

"Papa, don't, hu huh, talk to me right now." Maka stormed off to her room, and began to heat up some water. She took her hair out of her regular pigtails and began to undress, suddenly feeling an unwanted presence as she turned around, only in her white stockings and white underwear.

"Who's there?"

>"Maka?" An unfamiliar deep and husky voice emerged from the corner of her room. Maka looked up and found a pair of familiar crimson eyes looking at her with a concerned gaze, as the young man walked into the light, white-silvery spiky hair covering his perfectly strong tanned face and shining in the moonlight. His muscular tanned body was somewhat tensed, and his pink scar ran from his left shoulder to his right hip, to which Maka followed and found he was bare naked.<p>

"OH my Shinigami!"

"Ah! I'm sorry!" Soul covered himself and blushed.

"Soul?"

"Ya, haha, hi Maka."

"How'd you, I thought you were, but now you're?"

"Ya, it's a long story, can I maybe take a bath or get clothes, something? It's kinds cold."

"Oh, ya sure, hop in, I just made it."

"Thanks." Soul walked passed Maka and slid into the bath as he began to scrub himself, Maka giggled as she helped wash his hair and went off to get Soul some clothes after putting a rob on.

"Here Soul, I found some old clothes of Papa's that'll fit you."

"Oh thanks." Soul emerged from the water with Maka's small pink towel, barely enough to cover him. Maka felt she was about to drool as she saw how muscular he really was, and she found he was rather tall, about half a foot taller than her, and his face was so smooth,

Maka was loosing herself as she realized she was no longer staring at him, but gawking now.

"Uh Maka, I need to change, I mean unless you insist on watching me."

Maka turned red instantly as she turned and let the tub drain as she refilled it with hot water, once again preparing a bath for herself.

"Ok, I need a bathe now, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't." Soul pulled up a chair and made himself comfortable wit his gray pants, black furry boots, orange long sleeved shirt, and black vest, it suited him rather well.

"Huhh, fine, I guess you have seen me before."

Soul blushed at the memory of the two of them swimming in the ocean that one hot summer day, and Vikings don't own bathing suites, it's very rare that it ever reached seventy degrees. Soul eyed his thin master sink into the tub, facing away from him, but showing off her smooth back. He felt himself begin to drool at how beautiful she truly was. He also felt his nose begin to drip blood; he quickly found some tissue and cleaned himself up.

"Ok, all done." Maka stood up and grabbed her towel. She slipped into some fresh underwear and put on her silk pink nightgown.

"Wow, I didn't expect you to wear such a frilly nightdress Maka. It looks good, but kinda princess-like for you."

"Ha-ha very funny, for that you can sleep outside."

"Wait Maka no! I'm sorry."

"Hmph, you'll have to prove it to me Soul."

"I will, I swear I'm sorry." Soul crawled to his master and began to kiss her hands, working his way up to her arms, shoulders, neck, and slowly kissing her cheeks. His eyes were half shut and as he looked over at her he noticed the haziness in her eyes as she felt his lips hovering over hers.

"Maka." His lips brushed hers as he whispered her name, her body trembled as she felt her eyes close and her lips search for his, her legs instantly wrapping around his hips. Soul's hands fell to her hips, trying not to forcefully kiss her and take advantage of his strength.

"Are you going to tell me why you're a human or not?" Maka's voice was somewhat intimidating, but sensual at the same time. Soul's voice wouldn't come out for a few moments, and he thus cleared his throat and tried again.

"Well, when a dragon is of a certain age, he can turn into a human, either deciding to find a human mate, or a female dragon mate. So I picked a human mate, female dragons can be hot tempered sometimes." He chuckled at his witty comment, trying to impress his master; she smiled but felt something wrong stirring in her.

"Soul, do you really think I'm the 'mate' you'll want to be with for the rest of your life? Will this wear off?"

"Well no, not unless I get really pissed off, or in an emergency, I can turn back into a dragon. Other than that, I've decided I want you."

Maka blushed at how up front he was being.

"But, I'm kind of a handful Soul."

"Ya well I still love you, no matter how much of a brat you may be sometimes. And I know I have my faults to."

"You got that right."

"Hey! I'm admitting it. I know I can be rebellious, and stubborn, but I still love you Maka."

"Really?"

"Yes, don't you believe me?"

"Hmm, you'll have to prove it to me. You know how Papa is. Alright, I'll give you the upper hand, but if I find out you've been out with some other girl or a dragon, we're through. Got it?"

"Yes master. Don't you have anything you want to say?"

"I love you Soul, I really do."

And with that, Soul scooped Maka up and carried her to bed, their clothes lying on the floor and the two lovers cuddled close after their wild ride for the night.

"Mmm, I love you." Maka closed the distance as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"I love you two. Good night Maka."

"Night Soul." Maka felt a soft pair of lips press against her forehead as she drifted off to the sound of Soul's light breathing. She found it comfortable in her dragon's arms, or rather her fiancÃ©'s arms. For in this village, once you give yourself to someone, you are to be wed in a week, or considered an abomination.

"Maka, Papa brought you breakfast. WHAT IN SHINIGAMI'S NAME!"

"Papa!?" Maka's eyes shot open as her father caught the young couple in bed, their clothing on the floor.

"Morning sir."

Soul's lazy eyes cracked open as he slowly realized the one problem he overlooked, Maka's father. Maka was able to explain the whole dragon mating ritual situation, and after numerous apologies from Soul and Maka, her father consented in the marriage, with no other

choice, yet he saw how happy his daughter was and couldn't say no.  
Maka fell for her partner and was happy to say, "I do" not too long  
after.

Years past and she told her grandchildren about the Viking girl with  
jade eyes that fell for her red-eyed dragon and of their many  
adventures over the years.

End  
file.